A ROMANCE.

BY STANLEY J. WEYMAN. Author of "The House of the Wolf." &s.

(Copyright, 1893, by Stanley J. Wayman.) CHAPTER XVL-(CONCLUDED.)

"Arnidein," cried the King when he was mind to send after him and have him put where his hot blood would cool a little. Orumph !" He stopped abruptly, his eyes resting on me; the peculiar positions of Bruhl and myself as the agents of Bosny and Turenna securring to him for the first time. I think. sed him to the conclusion. I fancy, that and laid a trap for him and that he had fallen into it. His face grew darker and darker, and, at last, "A nice kettle of fish this is you have prepared for us, sir I" he muttered. gazing at

The sudden change in his humor took the courtiers by surprise, as may be supposed. Paces a moment before broad with smiles grow long again. The less important, lacking the clue I possessed, looked uncomfortably at one another, and frowned with one accord on ne when I spoke. "If your majesty would please to hear the end of the story at another

time?" I suggested humbly. 'Chut!" he answered, rising, his face still betraying his perturbation. "Well, be it so. Duchess, give me Ziz and come to my closet. want you to see my pupples. Retz, my good friend, do you come too. I have something to say to you. Gentlemen, you need not wait. It is likely I shall be late."

And with the utmost abruptness he broke up

CHAPTER XVII. THE JACOBIN MONE.

Had I needed any reminder of the uncertainty of court favor, or an instance whence I might learn the lesson of modesty, and so stand in less danger of presuming on my new and precarious prosperity, I had surely got it in this episode, and in the demeanor of the company round me. For, on the circle breaking up, I found myself the centre of general regard; but this of so dublous a character -the persons who would have been the first to compliment me, had the King retired earlier. standing furthesi aloof now-that I felt myself rather insulted than honored by it. One or two, indeed, of the most cautious spirits did approach me, but with the air of men pro-viding against a danger particularly remote; their half-hearted speeches served only to fix them in my memory as belonging to a class, especially abhorrent to me, who would run at once with the hare and the hounds. I was rejoiced to find that on one person, and

that the one whose disposition toward me was next to the King's, of the first importance. this episode had produced a different impression. For feeling, as I made for the door, a bouillet at my elbow, regarding me with a glance of mingled esteem and amusement; in fine, with a very different look from that which had been my welcome earlier in the evening. I concluded that he was too great a man, too sure of his favor with the King to be swayed by the petty motives which actuated the court generally, for he laid his hand familiarly on my shoulder and walked on beside me.
"Well, my friend." he said. "you have dis-

tinguished yourself finely! I do not know that I ever remember a pretty woman making more stir in an evening. But if you are wise you will not go home alone to-night." 'I have my sword, M. le Marquis," I an-

swared somewhat proudly. Which will avail you little against a knife in the buck!" he answered dryly. "What at-

tendance have you?"
"My equerry, Simon Fleix, is on the stairs." "Good, so far, but not enough," he replied as we reached the head of the staircase. "You better come home with me now, and two or three of my fellows shall go on to your lodging with you. Do you know, my friend." he continued, looking at me keenly, "you are either a very clever or a very foolish man." "Neither the one, I fear, nor the other, I

hope, sir." I made answer modestly.
"Well, you have done a very pertinent thing." he replied, "for good or evil. You have thrown down your glove to the enemy. You have let him know what he is to expect, and whether you have been very wise or very fool ish in declaring open war remains to be seen. A week will show." I answered.

He turned and looked at mo. "You take it coolly," he cried. "I have been knocking about the world for

forty years, Marquis," I rejoined. He muttered something about Rosny having s good eye for a man, and stopped to adjust his cloak. We were by this time in the street. Making me go hand in hand with him, he requested the other gentlemen to draw their swords; and the servants being likewise armsd, and numbering half a score or more, with pikes and torches, we made up a very formidable party, and caused. I think, more slarm as we passed through the streets to Rambouillet's lodging than we had any reason to feel. Not that we had it all to ourselves, for the attendance at court that evening being large, and the circle breaking up, as I have de-scribed, more abruptly than usual, the vicinity of the castle was in a ferment, and the streets

sding from it alive with the lights and

laughter of parties similar to ours.
At the door of the Marquis's lodging I prepared to take leave of him with many expressions of gratitude, but he would have me enter and sit down with him to a light refection, which it was his habit to take before retiring. Two of his gentlemen sat down with us, and a valet who was in his confidence waited on us. while we made very merry over the scene in the presence. I learned that M. de Bruhl was far from popular at court; but being known to possess some kind of hold over the King, and mjoying besides a great reputation for recklessness and skill with the sword, he had played a high part for some time, and attached to himself, especially since the death of Guise, a considerable number of followers.

The truth is." one of the Marquis's gentle men, who was a little heated with wine, observed, "there is nothing at this moment which a bold and unscrupulous man may not win in France !"

Nor a bold and Christian gentlemen for France!" replied M. Rambouillet, with some asperity. "By the way." he continued ab-

uptly, "where is M. François?"

The valet answering that he had not returned with us from the castle the Marquis expressed himself annoyed, from which I rathered, firstly, that the missing man was his near kinsman, and, secondly, that he was

also the young spark who had been so forward to quarrel with me earlier in the evening. Determining to refer the matter, should it become pressing, to hambouillet for adjustment, I took leave of him, and, attended by two of his servants, whom he kindly transferred to my service for the present, started for my leading all little before midnight.

The moon had risen while we were at supper, and, seeing that its light, which whitened the gables on one side of the street, diffused a glimmering below sufficient to enable us to avoid the kennel, I hade the men put out our torch. Frost had set in, and a keen wind was blowing, so that we were glad to hurry on at a good pace without talking and the streets being quite deserted at this late hour, or haunted only by those who went in dread of the town marshal, we met no one and saw no lights. I fell to thinking for my part of the wrening I had spent, searching Blots for mademoiselle, and of the difference between them and now, nor did I fall while on this track to retrace it still further to the evening of our arrival at my mother's, whence, as a source, such kindly and gentle thoughts welled up in my mind as were natural, and the unfailing affection of that gracious woman required. These, laking the place for the moment of the anxious calculations and stern purposes which of late engrossed me, were

enly ousted by something, which happening under my eyes, brought me abruptly to myelf. This was the sudden appearance of three men, who issued one by one frem an alley a secore of yards in frontof us; and after pausing a second to look back the way they had come, flitted on in single flie along the street, disappearing, as, far as the darkness permitted me to judge, round a second corner. I by no means liked their appearance, and as a scream and the clash of arms rang out the next moment from the direction they had gone, I cried justily to Simon Felix to follow, and ran on, believing from the rascals' movements that they were after no good, but rather that honest men were likely to be sore beset.

Reaching the lane down which they had plunged, however, I paused a moment, considering not so much its blackness, which was intense, the eaves nearly meeting overhead, as the small chance I had of distinguishing between attackers and attacked. But Simon and the men overtaking me, and the sounds of a sharp tussle still continuing, decided me to venture, and I plunged into the aliey, my left arm well advanced with the skirt of my clook thrown over it, and my sword drawn back. I shouted as I ran, thinking that the knayes might desist on hearing me; and this is what happened; two men taking to their heels as I arrived on the scene of action—the further end on the alley—while, of two men who remained, one isy at his length in the kennel, and another rose slowly from his knees.

"You are just in time, sir," said the latter, breathing hard, but speaking with a precise-ness which sounded familiar in my ears. "I am obliged to you, whoever you are. The villains had got me down, and in a few minutes more would have made my mother childiess. By the way, you have no light with you, have you?" he added, lisping like a woman.

One of M. de Rambouillet's men, who had by this time come up, cried out that it was Monsieur François.

"I trust you are not hurt," I said, butting up my sword.

"It trust you are not hurt," I said, butting up

"I trust you are not hard.

my sword.
"Scratched only," he answered, betraying no surprise on learning who it was had come up so opportunely, as he no doubt did learn from my voice, for he continued with a bow. "A slight price to pay for the knowledge that M. de Marsac is as forward in the field as on the stairs."

no surprise on learning who it was had come up so opportunely, as he no doubt did learn from my voice, for he continued with a bow, "A slight price to pay for the knowledge that M. de Marsac is as forward in the field as on the stairs."

I bowel my acknowledgments. "This fellow," I said, "is he—" He ropiled: "Tut, tut, I thought I had saved the Marshal all trouble. Is he not dead, Gil?"

The poor wretch made answer for himself, crying out pitcously in a choking voice for a priest to shrive him, and as Simon Felix returned at the same moment with our torch, which he had got lighted at the nearest cross street, whore there was a brazier, we saw that the man was coughing up blood, and might live perhaps half an hour.

"Mon Dieu! That comes of lunging too high." M. François muttered regretiully. "An inch lower and there would have been none of this trouble! I suppose somebody must fetch one. Gil," he continued, "run, man, to the sacristy in the Rue St. Denys and get a father. Or, stay! Help to lift him under the lee of the wall. The wind cuts like a knife here."

The street being on the slope of a hill, the lower part of the house nearest us stood a few feet from the ground on wooden piles, and the space underneath it being enclosed at the back and sides, was used as a cart house. The servants moved the dying man into this rude shelter, and i accompanied them, being unwilling to leave the young gentleman alone. Not wishing, however, to seem to interfere, I walked to the further end and sat down on the shaft of a cart, admiring the strange aspect of the group I had left, as the glare of the torch brought now one and now another into prominence, and sometimes on the writhing features of the man at his feet.

Suddenly, and before Gil had started on his errand, I saw a priest standing among them. I had not seen him enter, nor had I any idea whence he came toy first sum prayes with triumphant mailee. As I moved toward him, however, a flerce exchamation on my lips, he audenly dropped his eyes and knelt, and M. Francois c

and desires tolspeak to you, mal a propos as is the occasion."

"And I to him!" I answered, trembling with rage and only restraining by an effort the impulse which would have had me dash my hand in the priest's pale, smirking face. "I have waited long for this moment." I continued, eving him steadilly, and M. Francois withdrew out of hearing. "and had you tried to avoid me, I would have dragged you back, though all your tribes were here to protect you!"

His presence, indeed, so maddened me that I scarcely knew what I said. I felt my breath come quickly, and with difficulty restrained myself, when he answered with well-affected sanctity: "Like mother, like son, I fear, sir. Huguenoits both!"
I choked with rage. "What!" I said. "You dare to threaten me as you threatened my

sancity; "Like mother, like son I fear, sir. Huguenots both!"
I choked with rage. "What!" I said. "You dare to threaten me as you threatened my mother! You fool! Do you know that only to-day I have taken the rooms in which my mother died for the purpose of discovering and punishing you!"

"I knew it." he answered quietly; and on a sudden he altered his demeanor completely, raising his heai and looking me in the face. "That, and so much besides, I know," he continued giving me, to my astonishment, frown for frown, "that if you will listen to me for a moment. M. de Marsac, and quietly, I will convince you that the folly is not on my side."

Amazed by his new manner, in which there was none of the madness which had marked him at our first meeting, but a strange air of authority unlike anything I had associated with him before, I signed to him to proceed.

"You think that I am in your power?" he said, smiling.
"I think." I retorted swiftly, "that escaping."

was none of the madness which had marked him at our first meeting, but a strange air of authority unilke anything I had associated with him before, I signed to him to proceed.

"You think that I am in your power?" he said, smiling,
"I think." I retorted swiftly, "that escaping me now you will have at your hees henceforth a worse enemy than even your own sins!"

"Just so," he answered. "Well, I am going to show you that the reverse is the case, and that you are as completely in my hands to spare or to break, as this straw. In the first place, you are here in Biols, an Huguenot."

"Chut!" I exclaimed, contemptuously, affecting a confidence i was far from feeling," A little while back that might have availed you. But we are in Biols, not Paris. It is not far to the Loire, and you have to deal with a man now, not with a woman. Be sure it is you who have cause to tremble, not I!"

"You think to be protected," he answered, with a sour smile. even on this side of the Loire, is see. One word, I fell you to the Pope's Legate or to the Duke of Nevers, and you would see the inside of a dungeon, if not wone. For the King "I answered interrupting him within more assurance than I felt, for I remembered more assurance than I felt, for I remembered more and more the dangerous hold he had over me. "You not a whit! And that reminds me. I have heard you up! By heaven, I will!" I cried, my rage increasing, as i discovered more and more the dangerous hold he had over me. "You have theresteed me! One word and I will send you to the gallows!"

"Hush!" he answered, warningly, indicating M. François by a gesture of theshand. "For your own sake, not mine. This is fine talking, but you have not yet heard all I know. Would you like to hear how you have spent the lalking, but you have not yet heard all I know. Would you like to hear how you have spent the lalking but you have not yet heard all I know. Would you like to hear how you have spent as tendance on M. de Rambouillet."

"You sleet there," hecontinued, holding his ground but shudder

"It is more than it was," he said, smiling his thin-lipped smile. "It is going to be more than it is. And I know much—about you. M. de Marsae."

"You know too much i" I retorted feeling his covert thrusts close round me like the folds of some great serpent. "But you are imprudent. I think. Will you tell me what is to prevent me striking you through where you stand and ridding mysself at a blow of so much knowledge?"

The prosence of three men, M. de Marsac," he answered, lightly waving his hand toward M. François and the others, "ever one of whom would give you up to justice. You forget that you are north of the loire, and that priests are not to be massacred here with impusity, as in your lawless South country, However, enough. The night is cold, and M. d'Agen grows suspicious as well as impatient. We have, perhaps, spoken too long already. Permit me "—he howed and drew back a step——to resums this discussion to-morrow."

Despite his politeness and the hollow civility with which he thus sought to close the interview, the light of triumph which shone in his eyes, as the giare of the torch fell athwart them, no less than the assured tone of his voice, told me only too clearly that he knew his power. He seemed, indeed, to my eyes transformed: no longer a slinking, peaceful clerk preying on a woman's fears, but a bold and crafty schemer, skilled and unserupulous, possessed of hidden knowledge and hidden resources; the personification of evil intellect. For a moment, knowing all I knew, and particularly the responsibilities which lay before me and the interests committed to my hands, I qualled, confessing myself unequal to him. I forgot the righteous vengeance I owed him, and crisd out helplessip against the lil-fortune which had brought him across my path. I saw myself enmeshed and fettered beyond hope of escape, and by an effort only controlled the despair I felt.

"To-morrow?" I muttered, hoarsely. "At what time?"

He shook his head with a cunning smile. "A thousand thanks, but I will settle that myself!" he answ

what time?"
He shook his head with a cunning smile.
"A thousand thanks, but I will settle that myseif!" he answered. "Au revoir." And muttering a word of leave-taking to M. d'Agen he
blessed the two servants, and went out.

CHAPTER XVIII.

THE OFFER OF THE LEAGUE.

As his footsteps died away I awoke from an evil dream, and, becoming conscious of the presence of M. François and the servants, recollected mechanically that I owed an apploay to the former for my discourtery in keeping him standing in the cold. I began to offer it, but my distress and confusion of mind were such that in the middle of a set phrase I broke off and stood looking fixedly at him, my trouble so plain that he asked me civilly it anything slied ma.

"No!" I answered, turning from him impatiently, "nothing, nothing, sir! Or, tell me." I continued, with an abrupt change of mind, "who is that who has just left us?"

"Then, if you leave the checke to me," M. François answered with grave politeness, "I would rather call him something more pleasant. M. de Marsac; James or John let us say, For there is little said here which does not come back to him. If walls have ears, the wails of Blois are in his pay. But I thought you knew him? He is Secretary, confidant, chaplain, what you will to Cardinal Ret; and one of those whom—in your ear—greater men court, and more powerful men lean on. If I had to choose between them I would rather cross M. de Crilion.

"I am obliged to you," I muttered, checked as, noth by his maners were lightly.

"Any information I have is at your disposal." However, I saw the imprudence of saying more, and hastened to take leave of him, persualing him to allow one of M. de Ramboullet's servants to accompany him home. He announced that he should call on me in the morning, and, forcing myself to answer him in a suitable manner, I saw him depart one way, and myself, accompanied by Simon Fleix, went off another. My feet were frozen with long standing—I think the corpse we left was scarce colder—but my head was hot with feverish doubts and fears. The monon had sunk and the streets were dark. Our torch had burned out and we had no light. But was eare colder to use of him here of the pay of

as iong as they seemed to threaten no serious perit to themsoiver.

No discovery could be more mortifying or more fausth with danger. The perspiration and the more than the warm of the more of the more of the seemed to the warm of the more of the seemed to the warm of the more of the last month, with one exception; and could tell. I verily believed, how many crowns I had in my pouch. Mademoiselle's arrival would in my pouch. Mademoiselle's arrival would the last month, with one exception; and could tell. I verily believed, how many crowns I had in my pouch. Mademoiselle's arrival would the gates; nor was It likely or exception; the king's presence untraced and unsuspected in line, I saw myself, equally with liruh, a pupper in this man'e hands, my goings out and my comings in watched and reported to him, his mercy the only bar bet ween myself and my comings in watched and reported to him, his mercy the only bar bet ween myself and my moment I might be the seed of t

icond clearly cas that in assesting to it M.
days bowed to a will stronger than his own, and would, had he dared to follow his own bent, have given a very different answer. As it was, he retired with an impatient solf-restraint which it was not difficult to construe.

I take the point.—"You have thought over what it told you last night?" he said brusquer, dropping in a moment the suave manner which he had maintained in M. François presence.

I replied coldly that I had.

I replied

"What?" he asked, looking at me gloomily.

Discerning an opening, I cudgelled my brains to think of any condition which, being fulfilled, might turn the tables on him and blace him in my power. But his position was so strong or my wits so weak that nothing occurred to me at the time, and I sat looking at him, my mind gradually reverting from the possibility of escape to the actual danger in which I stood, and which encompassed not me only, but Simon Fleix, and in a degree, doubtiess, M. de Kambouillet. In four or five dars, too, Mademoiselle de la Vire would arrive, and she would be involved. I wondered if I could send any warning to her, and then, again, I doubted the wisdom of interfering with M. de Rosny's plans, the more as Maignan, who had gone to fetch mademoiselle, was of a kind to obey no orders saye his master's. "Wall?" said the monk recalling me to my

who had gone to fetch mademoiselle, was of a kind to obey no orders save his master's.

"Well?" and the monk, recalling me to myself. "What security do you want?"

"I am not quite sure at this moment," I made answer slowly. "I must have some time to consider."

"And to rid yourself of me, if it be possible," he said with irony. "I understand. But I warn you that you are watched; that wherever you go and whatever you do, eyes which are mine are upon you."

"I, too, understand," I said coldly.

"I, too, understand," I said coldly.

He stood uncertain, regarding me with mingled doubt and malevolence, tortured by the lear on the one hand of losing the prize if he granted delay, on the other of falling he the fear on the one hand of losing the prize if he granted delay, on the other of failing he utterly if he exerted his power and did not succeed in subduing my resolution. I watched him, gauging his eagerness and the value of the stake for which he was striving by the strength of the emotions which betrayed themselves in his countenance. More than once it had occurred to me, and now it occurred to me again to extricate myself by a blow. But a natural reluctance to strike an unarmed man, however vile, and the belief that he had not trusted himself in my power without taking the fullest precautions, withheld me. When he grudgingly and with many dark threats proposed to wait three days, and not an hour more, for my answer, I accepted, seeing no other alternative open; and on these terms, but not without some short discussion, we parted, and I heard his stealthy footstep go sneaking down the stairs.

(To be continued.)

(To be continued.)

BRIERLY AND THE PUMA. While Making a Fighting Retreat He Backed Over a Rocky Precipice,

While Making a Pighting Retreat He
Backed Over a Rocky Precipies.

From the San Funcisto Examinar.

Los Angries, Aug. 27.—While fighting a mountain lion in the Tejunga Mountains, Joseph Brierly, a mountaineer of that region, fell backward over a precipice of that region fell backward over a precipic of the fell backward over the fell backward backward over the fell backward backward over the fell backward From the San Francisco Exeminer

AN AMERICAN IN EUROPE.

Observations Upon the Life and Politics of Thirty Years Ago.

BY THE LATE

JAMES SHERHERD PIKE.

It would be hard to find a drearier country for a stranger to live in than Holland. The eternal sameness of the landscape extinguishes all desire to roam over the country. Go where you will, you see the same sights There is neither hill nor dale, mountain nor valley. No running streams, no nooks, no outlooks, no picturesque spots-never anything but the same level plain fringed with distant wood and cut up by stagnant water in

endless ditches.

Here and there you observe a sail going past the land where there is no river, where you can see no water, it being walled out by

earth banks above the surface.

This is the nearest approach to the picturesque that the landscape affords. In all else every hundred acres of Holland soil is like every other hundred acres. It is even a relief to get upon the dune country, where the approach to absolute desert is as near as need be. The sand was blown in here ages ago, and gradually the big hillocks have become covered with coarse and thin grass, intermingled with moss, but not a tree nor shrub will grow upon them. They extend along the sea coast, a mile n width, and they cover considerable districts

inland, which the sea formerly washed. It is a dismal variety they offer, but still it is better than nothing. This otter dead level of country produces in strangers and, to a considerable extent in the people who inhabit is a corresponding dead level of emotion and of mind. It is proverbial that ennul and de pression seize all istrangers who reside here. and quite extinguish all purpose of mental occupation. To go up hill and down seems to be a requirement of our nature. Even horses will not go so far on a level road as on a hilly one. This is imputed to the fact that the strain of travel on a level comes all on one set of nuscles, but I imagine there its something besides in the changing state of atmosphere in a rolling cour try.

I highly esteem the Dutch character, and appreciate and admire what the people have achieved, but as a country to live in I think Holland detestable, and not to be endured.

The scenery of Holland is everywhere alike, and nobody knows what that means who has not lived in this country. In the first place, it means that as you cast your eyes over the map you see no place you desire to go to. For. go where you will, you are sure to see nothing but the same unvarying scene of stagnant cities, level meadows, fringes of wood on a dead level, with here and there a windmill. Thus all desire of locomotion for the sake of what new view or new thing you may see is crushed at the start. Stand anywhere on any part of the Dutch territory and you see the whole of Holland. There is a little exceptional landscape about Arnhem, but that is all. The rest is everywhere low, level, marshy, reedy. flat, monotonous, uninteresting,

Being thus converted into a barnacle from the first, what follows is necessarily seen. If there were game anywhere, or good fishing, or picturesque harbors for sailing or any kind of a possibility for seeing or doing in any one part what could not be seen or done in every other, it would be a relief, but, ains, there is none. Nature thus tends to make everybody in Holland as torpid as a toad, and so the Hollander is slow and everybody is slow fa Holland. Torpidity is followed by depression. depression by languor, and languor by discontent. When we add to all a dark and rainy climate, no wonder we often long for our days of exile to be over.

Holland is only a raft of pastures. We have no shooting, no fishing, and no sailing, and no hills as high as a haycock. There is plenty of water, but none of it ever learned to run, and yet it is old enough. It seems to have no ambition but to rouse and

drown us all out. But we keep the steam pumps going and stop that. And such pumps! I have seen eight of them standing together, each with a nump box six feet in diameter. It takes a big

leak to offset such machines as those when run by steam. ROTTERDAM, Nov. 4, 1801.—They are selling

or eight feet, and then withing from stake to

とうしつしつしつしつしつし for about four inches in depth to hold the reeds or twigs down.

Another method is to slope in the same way

and cover the surface with flat stones. The upper part of the slope may be sodded, and where it is necessary stakes are driven at the lower line of the slope to prevent the stones from alipping down. A third method is to make a perpendicular bank of reeds or twigs with the butt end to the water and secured by stakes as before or by stones or sod or both on the top above the reach of the water. Independent break waters as well as walls are made

Holland is an exceptional country. It is one of the most elevated of European nations (though it is a swamp). It is industrious, thrifty, temperate, wealthy beyond degree. with a liberal and unoppressive government. Its people are neither restless nor revolutionary nor pretentious nor quarrelsome nor dishonest. They have nearly all the virtues, with but very few of the vices which characterize civilized communities.

Their opportunities for both lay and religious instruction abound, and though they live economically they live contentedly. While they have a kingly government, the spirit of the people is essentially republican, and publie opinion and not royalty rules.

The members of the royal family associate with society in the most democratic way, going to balls and parties, the King and Queen dancing with host and hostess, and coming and going with as little disturbance as the other guests. In the i'tle courts of Germany, hardly known to the great world by name, there is ten times the state and pretensions that there is in Holland. It lacks the excess of zeal and dexterity that marks the Yankee country, but in very numerous respects it is the same.

March 2, 1863.—Drove to Leyden to visit the Museum of Natural History and the old City Hall, erected before the Mayflower was built. The Stadt House is a fine, wholesome building

Hall, erected before the Mayflower was built. The Stadt House is a fine, wholesome building still, kept for city uses in unimpeachable condition. The principal rooms are ornamented with paintings, of which the leading subject is always the celebrated seige of Levylen.

The museum is very perfect, and contains a marvellously complete collection of preserved specimens of all the animals, all the birds, and all the fishes of the earth. Every animal and every bird and every lish are in extensive groups instead of single specimens. Added to these are the skeletons of the same, beautifully prepared; also an admirable specimen of a fossil saurian from the caves of Maestricht, presented by Cuvier. There are also collections of shells and minerals and a great variety of objects of dissection preserved in spirits.

In Holland, where there is no limestone, lime is made from the shells of the seashore, Carts drawn by horses constantly traverse the sandy beaches, and the little shells, scraped from the edge of the water by nets fastened to an from wire and put on the end of a pole, are gathered into them. The lime is made by throwing in alternate layers of turf and shells, and sometimes a little coal, into limekins.

They have a way of shoeing the draught horses in Rotterdam so as to lift them two inches. It is done by bending the from which forms the shoe into a long heel calk, which, with the slant, is sometimes three inches long. Rotterdam wears its usual active, business-like aspect, as the great entrepot of goods bound into and from Germany, by the numberless water craft that ply on the Rinne and its tributaries, and by,the "Rhein Spoor," or railway.

The Dutch are slow in devising or adopting new things, but Rotterdam boasts a new style

bound into and from Germany, by the numberless water craft that ply on the libine and its tributaries, and by, the "libin Spoor," or rallway.

The Dutch are slow in devising or adopting new things, but Rotterdam boasts a new style of omnibuses. They keep the conductor blowing a bugle as the vehicle goes through the town. To-day one had two conductors and two bugles in full blast.

The Code Napolson prevails in Holland. This prohibits entailed property, and compels the distribution of possessions equally among children. No child can be disinherited.

A practice prevails extensively in Holland of cutting off the tops of trees, taking off all the branches for wood and leaving the tree to throw out new shoots, to form new branches, to be again served in the same manner. The practice does not seem to be applied to the lorests, but to the single rows of trees on the sides of roads and to the scattered trees of the fields, and it appears to be successful.

The peasant costume of Holland is often striking. It is a remnant of the past which the new clothing shops have not as yet destroyed. Here is a man who is tall and thin and wrinkled, and looks at least eighty. His slim shanks and huge feet are enveloped in gray stockings, over which is a great antique shoe of no particular shape. It is neither high nor low, nor square nor round toed, and it might have been worn by Luther or Charlemagne or Socrates. He has on a pair of black cotton-velvet breeches, loose where they should be, laced at the knee; and inside, a jacket with the shortest kind of a tail, not reaching to the hips, but still the germ of our swallow-tailed dress coats.

Outside he wears a single-breasted black surtout, with no pretension to a collar, but bound pretentiously at the edges with buttons thick from the neck to the knee. The surtout is lank and has a central slit behind, which runs well up to the shoulders, disclosing the embryo coat tail before spoken of, to mark the upper terminus of which it has three full-sized buttons in a close cluster, formi and box six feet in diameter. It takes a big a control of the state of

same as the Gobelin tapestrs. The figures are worked from patterns on a double or triple line of upright threads.

To reach the house where William the Silent was assassinated a gateway is entered to a court, where a low, two-story, tregular building of brick is seen on the opposite side. Entering a plain doorway we find ourselves in a small irregularly shaped entry, with a small door leading out of the rear down a few steps into the yard. On the right is a broad stairway leading up in a winding way to the salon. At the same end of the passage, or entry, on the left, as you face the broad staircase, a few steps distant, is the door leading to the dining room, it is the door leading to the dining room, to enter which you have to dim three or four steps. The dining room is directly under the salon. They are both of immense size, with windows only on one side, high up from the floor, with a fireplace at each end. The coling above rests, as in all the old buildings. Here an attempt at ornament is made by painting above rests, as in all the old buildings. Here an attempt at ornament is made by painting the very poorest of freezo painting. The room must be 25x180. Directly at the foot of the broad stairway is a door on the left leading into a passage which goes out of doors. It was in this goes age that the assassin stood and freed while William passed to the foot of the stairs. Three imitation builet holes are still there, worn as large as a musket barrel or larger by constant examination by the flugers. Indeed, they now have more the appearance of rat holes than builet holes. But an inscription on the wall beside them alterest their verify as the result of the fire of the assassin. Nevertheless, they are not real, but only represent the number of balls fired. The building is now occur in a large cathedral church nearby is a costly monument to William and his benes, as do those of the late kings of Huiland, he has a vault boneath. Here were great expectations formed of the richness of the soil that would be found at

ment to Grotiua.

When the lake of Haarlaem was drained, there were great expectations formed of the richness of the soil that would be found at its bottom. It was sold in lets, and brought from 500 to 1,100 florins per acre. Subsequently it was discovered that parts of the bottom were sandy, and the purchasers found themselves bit. Now, the average value of the tract is considered to be about 700 florins per acre, or nearly \$390. This is a tract of some 40,000 acres. The rich grass lands lying between the Hague and lotterdam it would be difficult to buy at 2,500 florins, or \$1,000, an acre.

Last year I learned, on the road from Brussels to Waterloo, that the fine farming lands of that locality were worth 4,000 to 5,000 france a hectare, which is equivalent (taking the mean prices) to about \$400 per acre. The same rents for about \$250 an acre. But in Heliand they get no more than two or two and a half per cent on investments in land.

CHICAGO TO FRENCH EYES.

How the Marrel of the World's Fair, the Splendid Theatrical Shows, and American Seriousness Impressed a Frenchman.

The Chicago correspondent of l'Illustration, in illustrated weekly newspaper published in Paris, has been sending home frequent letters on the subject of the World's Fair, and his impressions of it. He has been remarkably un-prejudiced in his criticisms, and has shown a praiseworthy desire to do justice to all the good points of the Chicago Exposition. His remarks are all the more interesting, because, as a Parisian, he cannot refrain from comparing everything in Jackson Park with what he saw at the French Exposition of 1880. In a recent letter the correspondent tells of

what he saw in the Midway Plaisance. "In this place," he says, "the organizers of the Exposition have tried to get together the greatest possible number of amusements and attractions. They forgot one thing, however, and that was to galvanize the American character, to inject into the people of the United States the ability to laugh at everything and coappreciate what they see with an expressive sort of gayety. On the Midway Plaisance enjoyment does not appear to be communicative. It seems to be dumb. The subtle influence of crowds seems to be absent, and the American has the air of enjoying himself in some special, internal manner, which we in

France cannot understand. "In this Midway Plaisance one finds a second fair, very interesting, very queer, very cosmopolitan-which in Paris would have been continually thronged with a noisy, vivacious crowd. There is a Javanese village there five times the size of the one we saw in 1889, where one may witness quaint dances and hear peculiar music, as we did; but this village as a whole is infinitely more curious and complete. Further along the broad avenue there is a building in the shape of a diorama, where an enterprising individual has opened a beauty show. He has gathered pretty women from France, Japan, China, Germany, America, from France, Japan, China, Germany, America, the Orient, and other quarters of the globe, who have since been looked at by every man in town. Unfortunately the role of exhibit did not long suit these young persons. The Oriental women did not mind lying around all day, but the French, Italian, and Viennese soon got tired of it, and there were numerous describes.

day, but the French, Italian, and Vienness soon got tired of it, and there were numerous desertions.

"I have visited Cairo street with much pleasure and surprise, for this is the street that most Frenchmen have said was inferior to our of 1884, without ever having seen it. I came out of the place absolutely amazed.

"Cairo street in Chicago is indisputably superior to the one we admired in 1889; it is larger, more complete, of a ourer style of architecture, and more elegantly colored. I went through the place with the manager, and I took a lively delight at seeing these repreductions of Moorish houses, these temples, these mosques with delicate minarets, these large and well decorated theatres, these Moorish cafes, these quaint shops, and the animation of the street where, in the brilliant similar, thise children were squabiling with white ones, or dark Jewish girls sat, sliently on a doorstep, while Soudanese diancing girls with languorous eyes lounged veluptionsily in the shadows.

"The entrof the street is ingeniously marked

a doorstep, while soudaness dancing giris with languorous eyes lounged voluptuously in the shadows.

"The end of the street is ingeniously marked by a temple built of rose-colored granite, with gilt lettering—a perfect imitation of the famous temple of Luxor. One can hear the sucred music of the priests inside, and if one enters it is a surprise to see the wonder it decorations of the walls, which give a clever seenic effect to the mystic pince. At the does black-veiled women sell flowers, and donker boys clamor for patronage. It is decidedly a most picturesque place, and I must not fail to speak of the big wheel, a few steps further up the street, which carries 600 persons around a circle 100 metres in diameter. At a distance this wheel suggests the Eiffel Tower, but I cannot help wondering at the crazy people who risk their necks to make this trip.

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"The reproduction of the old city of Vienna is another remarkable thing. The view on entering the big gateway is one that may be tend in no other place.

"About an open place of some 400 square yards in extent there are grouped old German houses of the sixteenth century, with rounded dormers and protroding beams, the fagalest painted in gay colors and trimmed with coats painted in gay colors and trimmed with coats of arms. On the ground floor of each house are shops closed in behind stained glass withdows, and queer wrought-iron signs bang out over the doorways. In one corner there is no over the doorways. In one corner there is no pretzels. In the centre of the squarels an old-fashloned fountain and the whole air of the place is one of mediavalism.

In the Midway Plaisance there are no fewer beer halls, bars, restaurants, and lunched a counters than there were at the Paris Exposition. You may breakfast in the German Village on Frankfort sausage and coffee, or you may go to the Turkish cafe, the Vienness retaurant, or to the klosks of Algeria and Turkish as far as 1 can discover, the American public in general does not frequent these places to any great extent. They have not, as we have, the appreciation of romantic curies it; and local color.

"The great public of Chicago and of the neighboring irrovinces, slow, mournful, and with a great needs, prefers rather when it comes the country of the question of rating to throng the common cosk slops that have needed about every entrance to this giant white city. On every side them have been erected booths for the sale of beer, who, and tea, and all the gayety that seems to have fled from the Fair has soughted beer, who, and tea, and all the gayety that seems to have fled from the Fair has soughted beer, who, and tea, and the hall the sight of them rushing for sale from a sliver medal to a banana.

"Toward it o'clock in the evening, when the people start homeward, these surroundings of the Exposition are more places on the prop